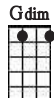
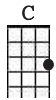
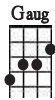


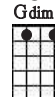
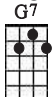
# Hilo Hattie Does the Hilo Hop

by Don McDiarmid, Sr & Johnny Noble

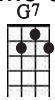
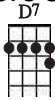
Don McDiarmid, Sr. was part of the Harry Owens band at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in 1935, when he wrote this song. Judged a clever tune about a sexy siren, it was not 'high class' enough to be performed at the hotel. McDiarmid set it aside and about a year later, Clara Inter, a school teacher and member of Louise Akeo's Royal Hawaiian Girls' Glee Club found the song and performed it on a trip to Canada with the glee club. In the summer of 1937, while leading his own band in the Monarch Room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Clara Inter insisted on performing this song that catapulted the composer and performer to fame. Clara was so closely identified with the song, she adopted the title as her legal name. Hilo Hattie was born!



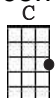
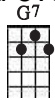
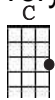
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop



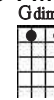
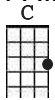
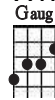
There's not a bit of use for a traffic cop



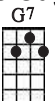
For everything and everybody comes to a stop



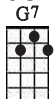
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop



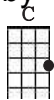
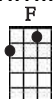
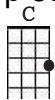
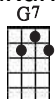
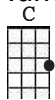
The sugar raises cane the palms trees sigh



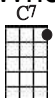
The ukuleles fret and the birds won't fly



The Humuhumunukunuku stop swimming by



When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop



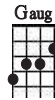
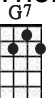
That wahine has an opu



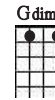
With a college education



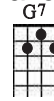
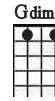
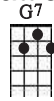
There's no motion she don't go thru



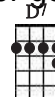
She doesn't leave a thing to your imagination



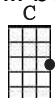
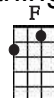
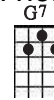
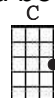
Hattie does a dance no law would allow



A crater got a look and it's sizzling now



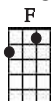
She'd better watch her step or everything will be pau



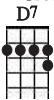
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop



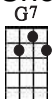
They took Hattie to the hoosegow



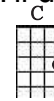
Hattie went along quite gaily



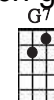
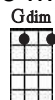
She said "Oh judge, turn me loose now,



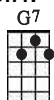
I'll do my dance while you play your ukulele."



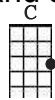
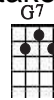
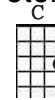
Hattie should've died from too much gin



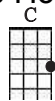
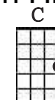
But she will never pay for her life of sin.



St. Peter's gonna take a look and say "come on in"



When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop



When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop